

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

LORD BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice: an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts, with Notes. The Prophecy of Dante, a Poem. By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 261. London, 1821.

If the production of a new tragedy was in former times an occurrence that was so eagerly looked for, and so fully chronicled, it will readily be conceived that a tragedy from the distinguished pen of Lord Byron, must, even in these days, excite no common interest. Indeed, of all the productions of his lordship's pen, we know not one, the publication of which was watched with so much anxiety, or which, now that it has appeared, is read with so much avidity. The well known talents of his lordship and the present state of the stage united to create a powerful interest, and to raise a hope that we should now have a play, worthy of the brightest period in the annals of the drama.

In the preface to the tragedy, his lordship has some severe reflections on the taste of the public, which he unjustly censures. Speaking of his motives for writing the tragedy, he says—

‘I have had no view to the stage: in its present state it is, perhaps, not a very exalted object of ambition; besides I have been too much behind the scenes, to have thought it so at any time. And I cannot conceive any man of irritable feeling putting himself at the mercies of an audience:—the sneering reader, and the loud critic, and the tart review, are scattered and distant calamities; but the trampling of an intelligent or of an ignorant audience on a production which, be it good or bad, has been a mental labour to the writer, is a palpable and immediate grievance, heightened by a man's doubt of their competency to judge, and his certainty of his own imprudence in electing them his judges. Were I capable of writing a play which could be deemed stage-worthy, success would give me no pleasure, and failure great pain. It is for this reason that, even during the time of being one of the committee of one of the theatres, I never made the attempt, and never will. But surely there is dramatic power some-
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where, while Joanna Baillie, and Milman, and John Wilson exist. The ‘City of the Plague,’ and the ‘Fall of Jerusalem,’ are full of the best *matériel* for tragedy that has been since Horace Walpole, except passages of Ethwald and De Montfort.’

Now with all due deference to his lordship, we not only think to be the author of a good tragedy a very exalted object of ambition, but have also a very different opinion as to the public, whose decisions in the theatre have afterwards invariably been confirmed out of doors.

The conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero, on which this tragedy is founded, is, as his lordship well observes, ‘one of the most remarkable events in the annals of the most singular government, city, and people of modern history.’ The story, as particularly detailed in the ‘Lives of the Doges,’ by Marin Sanuto, is given by his lordship in the appendix; and, as it will make the reader fully acquainted with the subject of the tragedy; we shall give a sketch of it.

Marino Faliero, a man of talents and courage, and who had distinguished himself both as a warrior and a statesman, was chosen Doge of Venice, on the 11th of September, 1354. After he had held the office six months, he gave a feast where a circumstance occurred which laid the foundation of his fatal project; we give it in the words of the chronicler:—

‘Now to this feast there came a certain Ser Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate and very young, but crafty and daring, and who loved one of the damsels of the Duchess. Ser Michele stood amongst the women upon the solajo; and he behaved indiscreetly, so that my Lord the Duke ordered that he should be kicked off the solajo; and the esquires of the Duke flung him down from the solajo accordingly. Ser Michele thought that such an affront was beyond all bearing; and when the feast was over, and all other persons had left the palace, he, continuing heated with anger, went to the hall of audience, and wrote certain unseemly words relating to the Duke and the Duchess, upon the chair in which the Duke was used to sit; for in those days the Duke did not cover his chair with

cloth of sendal, but he sat in a chair of wood. Ser Michele wrote thereon:—*“Marin Falier, the husband of the fair wife; others kiss her, but he keeps her.”* In the morning the words were seen, and the matter was considered very scandalous; and the Senate commanded the Avogadori of the Commonwealth to proceed therein with the greatest diligence. A largesse of great amount was immediately proffered by the Avogadori, in order to discover who had written these words. And at length it was known that Michele Steno had written them. It was resolved in the Council of Forty that he should be arrested; and he then confessed, that in the fit of vexation and spite, occasioned by his being thrust off the solajo in the presence of his mistress, he had written the words. Therefore the Council debated thereon. And the Council took his youth into consideration, and that he was a lover, and therefore they adjudged that he should be kept in close confinement during two months, and that afterwards he should be banished from Venice and the state during one year. In consequence of this merciful sentence the Duke became exceedingly wroth, it appearing to him that the Council had not acted in such a manner as was required by the respect due to his ducal dignity; and he said that they ought to have condemned Ser Michele to be hanged by the neck, or at least to be banished for life.’

The day after this sentence had been pronounced on Steno, the admiral of the arsenal went to the Doge to complain that a gentleman had struck him, and prayed for heavy punishment on him:—

“What wouldst thou have me to do for thee?” answered the Duke;—“think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me: and think on the manner in which they have punished that ribald Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of Forty respect our person.”—Upon this the admiral answered;—“My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a Prince, and to cut all those cuckoldy gentlemen in pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you Prince of all this state; and then you may punish them all.”—Hearing this, the Duke said;—“How can such a matter be brought about?”—and so they discoursed thereon.

‘The Duke called for his nephew Ser

Bertuccio Faliero, who lived with him in the palace, and they communed about this plot. And without leaving the place, they sent for Philip Calendaro, a seaman of great repute, and for Bertucci Israello, who was exceedingly wily and cunning. Then taking counsel amongst themselves, they agreed to call in some others; and so, for several nights successively, they met with the Duke at home in his palace.

It was concerted that sixteen or seventeen leaders should be stationed in various parts of the City, each being at the head of forty men, armed and prepared; but the followers were not to know their destination. On the appointed day they were to make affrays amongst themselves here and there, in order that the Duke might have a pretence for tolling the bells of San Marco; these bells are never rung but by the order of the Duke. And at the sound of the bells, these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to come to San Marco, through the streets which open upon the Piazza. And when the noble and leading citizens should come into the Piazza, to know the cause of the riot, then the conspirators were to cut them in pieces; and this work being finished, My Lord Marino Faliero the Duke was to be proclaimed the Lord of Venice. Things having been thus settled, they agreed to fulfil their intent on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of April, in the year 1355. So covertly did they plot, that no one ever dreamt of their machinations.

The plot was, however, discovered by one Beltramo Bergamasco, who mentioned it to Sir Niccolo Lioni, one of the senators, whose life he wished to preserve. The Council of Ten, and the Great Council were assembled, Beltramo was brought before them, and, ascertaining the truth of his statement, measures were taken to counteract the conspiracy. The tolling of the bells was prevented, and the principal conspirators all seized, most of whom were condemned to death by the Council of Ten, and afterwards executed:—

On Friday, the sixteenth day of April, judgment was also given, in the Council of Ten, that My Lord Marino Faliero, the Duke, should have his head cut off, and that the execution should be done on the landing place of the stone staircase, where the Dukes take their oath when they first enter the palace. On the following day, the seventeenth day of April, the doors of the palace being shut, the Duke had his head cut off, about the hour of noon. And the cap of estate was taken from the Duke's head before he came down stairs. When the execution was over, it is said, that one of the Council of Ten went to the columns of the palace over against the place of St. Mark, and that he showed the bloody

sword unto the people, crying out with a loud voice—"The terrible doom hath fallen upon the traitor!"—and the doors were opened, and the people all rushed in, to see the corpse of the Duke, who had been beheaded.

Such are the materials on which Lord Byron has founded his tragedy, and in no material point has he deviated from historical correctness. In his preface he states that he had once thought of making jealousy the motive which stimulated the Doge to engage in the conspiracy, but that the advice of Sir William Drummond and the late Monk Lewis dissuaded him from it. In speaking of this last production of his lordship's brilliant and prolific muse, we must not forget that it was not written for the stage, and therefore judge of it rather as a tragic poem than an acting tragedy, for which it is too long by at least one-half. Having detailed the story so amply, it will now be unnecessary to go through it in the tragedy, and we shall therefore notice such of the scenes as appear to us most worthy of attention; and to which it will be seen his lordship has often given the most powerful interest and effect. We ought to premise that, in order to preserve a near approach to the unity of the play, his lordship has represented the conspiracy as already formed, and the Doge acceding to it; whereas, in fact, it was of his own preparation, and that of Israel Bertuccio. The tragedy commences just before sentence has been passed on Steno, and the Doge is anxiously waiting the result. When it is made known to him that he has only been sentenced to a month's imprisonment, he breaks out into a violent rage, throws down the ducal bonnet, and wishes the enemies of Venice at the gates that he might do them homage. The whole of this scene between the Doge and his nephew is admirable; we quote a few passages:—

Doge. Venice' Duke!
Who now is Duke in Venice? let me see him,
That he may do me right.

Bertuccio Faliero. If you forget
Your office, and its dignity and duty,
Remember that of man, and curb this passion.
The Duke of Venice—

Doge (interrupting him.)
There is no such thing—
It is a word—nay, worse—a worthless by-word:
The most despised, wrong'd, outraged, helpless
wretch,
Who begs his bread, if 'tis refused by one,
May win it from another kinder heart;
But he, who is denied his right by those
Whose place it is to do no wrong, is poorer
Than the rejected beggar—he's a slave—
And that am I, and thou, and all our house,

Even from this hour; the meanest artisan
Will point the finger, and the haughty noble
May spit upon us: where is our redress?

Ber. Fal. The law, my prince—

Doge (interrupting him.)

You see what it has done—

I ask'd no remedy but from the law—
I sought no vengeance but redress by law—
I call'd no judges but those named by law—
As sovereign, I appeal'd unto my subjects,
The very subjects who had made me sovereign,
And gave me thus a double right to be so.
The rights of place and choice, of birth and service,
Honours and years, these scars, these hoary
hairs,
The travel, toil, the perils, the fatigues,
The blood and sweat of almost eighty years,
Were weigh'd i' the balance, 'gainst the foulest
stain,
The grossest insult, most contemptuous crime
Of a rank rash patrician—and found wanting!
And this is to be borne?

The deep sense of the wrong that
had been done him by the imputation
on his wife, never leaves the Doge;
speaking of Steno, he says—

Doge. You know the full offence of this
born villain,

This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel,
And on the honour of—Oh God!—my wife,
The nearest dearest part of all men's honour,
Left a base slur to pass from mouth to mouth
Of loose mechanics, with all coarse foul comments,
And villainous jests, and blasphemies obscene;
While sneering nobles, in more polish'd guise,
Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the lie.
Which made me look like them—a courteous
wittol,
Patient—ay, proud, it may be, of dishonour.

And in an interview afterwards with
Israel Bertuccio, the chief of the arsenal,
alluding to the—

'foul words,
That have cried shame to every ear in Venice,'
He says,

'Ay, doubtless they have echo'd o'er the arsenal,
Keeping due time with every hammer's clink
As a good jest to jolly artisans;
Or making chorus to the creaking oar,
In the vile tune of every galley slave,
Who, as he sung the merry stave, exulted
He was not a shamed dotard like a Doge.'

The second act is very heavy, particularly the scene between the Doge and Angiolina his wife, and it appears to us highly improbable. That an old man should marry a young and beautiful wife, is, if not very natural, at least very common, but that he should marry her from such motives as his lordship assigns him, is extremely improbable. The Doge addressing his wife is made to say—

'I knew my heart would never treat you
harshly;
I knew my days could not disturb you long;
And then the daughter of my earliest friend,
His worthy daughter, free to choose again,
Wealthier and wiser, in the ripest bloom

Of womanhood, more skilful to select
By passing these probationary years;
Inheriting a Prince's name and riches,
Secured, by the short penance of enduring
An old man for some summers, against all
That law's chicane or envious kinsmen might
Have urged against her right; my best friend's
child

Would choose more fitly in respect of years,
And not less truly in a faithful heart.

The following passage is very spirited. Angiolina, in allusion to Steno, says,—

Angi. Oh! had this false and flippant libeller

Shed his young blood for his absurd lampoon,
Ne'er from that moment could this breast have known

A joyous hour, or dreamless slumber more.

Doge. Does not the law of Heaven say blood for blood?

And he who taints kills more than he who sheds it.

Is it the pain of blows, or shame of blows,
That make such deadly to the sense of man?
Do not the laws of man say blood for honour?
And less than honour for a little gold?

Say not the laws of nations blood for treason?
Is't nothing to have fill'd these veins with poison

For their once healthful current? is it nothing
To have stain'd your name and mine—the noblest names?

Is't nothing to have brought into contempt
A prince before his people? to have fail'd
In the respect accorded by mankind
To youth in woman, and old age in man?
To virtue in your sex, and dignity
In ours?

Bertram, one of the conspirators, not having completed the number of men that he was to bring, is suspected by Calendaro, who intimates his fears of him to Israel Bertuccio, but says, he has no ties of kindred to make him fear. Bertuccio replies,—

Is. Ber. Such ties are not

For those who are call'd to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths;
We must forget all feelings save the one—
We must resign all passions save our purpose—
We must behold no object save our country—
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.

Calen. But if we fail.—

Is. Ber. They never fail who die

In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs

Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years

Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts

Which o'erpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom: What were we,
If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson—
A name which is a virtue, and a soul
Which multiplies itself throughout all time,
When wicked men wax mighty, and a state
Turns servile: he and his high friend were
styled

"The last of Romans!" Let us be the first
Of true Venetians, sprung from Roman sires."

There is a fearful grandeur in the following soliloquy of the Doge, when on his way to meet the conspirators:—

"I am before the hour, the hour whose voice,
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous tottering,
And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,
Waking the sleepers from some hideous dream
Of indistinct but awful augury
Of that which will befall them. Yes, proud city!

Thou must be cleansed of the black blood
which makes thee

A lazar-house of tyranny: the task
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not;
And therefore was I punish'd, seeing this
Patrician pestilence spread on and on,
Until at length it smote me in my slumbers,
And I am tainted, and must wash away
The plague-spots in the healing wave. Tall
fane!

Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues
shadow

The floor which doth divide us from the dead,
Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood
Moulder'd into a mite of ashes, hold
In one shrunk heap what once made many

heroes,

When what is now a handful shook the earth—
Fane of the tutelar saints who guard our house!
Vault where two Doges rest—my sires! who
died

The one of toil, the other in the field,
With a long race of other lineal chiefs
And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and
state

I have inherited,—let the graves gape,
Till all thine aisles be peopled with the dead,
And pour them from thy portals to gaze on me!
I call them up, and them and thee to witness
What it hath been which put me to this task—
Their pure high blood, their blazon-roll of
glories,

Their mighty name dishonour'd all in me,
Not by me, but by the ungrateful nobles
We fought to make our equals, not our lords:—
And chiefly thou, Ordelafo the brave,
Who perish'd in the field, where I since con-
quer'd,

Battling at Zara, did the Hecatombs
Of thine and Venice' foes, there offer'd up
By thy descendant, merit such acquittance?
Spirits! smile down upon me; for my cause
Is your's, in all life now can be of your's,—
Your fame, your name, all mingled up in mine,
And in the future fortunes of our race!
Let me but prosper, and I make this city
Free and immortal, and our house's name
Worthier of what you were, now and hereafter!"

Bertram, in an interview with Calendaro, inquires if there are not some among the senators whose age and qualities might mark them out for pity. Calendaro replies in the following passage, which is bold, and the idea we consider original:—

"Yes, such pity
As when the viper hath been cut to pieces,
The separate fragments quivering in the sun
In the last energy of venomous life,
Deserve and have. Why, I should think as
soon

Of pitying some particular fang which made
One in the jaw of the swollen serpent, as

Of saving one of these: they form but links
Of one long chain; one mass, one breath, one
body;

They eat, and drink, and live, and breed to-
gether,
Revel, and lie, oppress, and kill in concert,—
So let him die as one!"

The scene in the third act, in which the Doge is introduced to the senate, is highly dramatic, and we quote the principal passages:—

"Conspirators. Most welcome.—Brave Bertuccio, thou art late—

Who is this stranger?

Calendaro. It is time to name him.

Our comrades are even now prepared to greet him.

In brotherhood, as I have made it known
That thou would'st add a brother to our cause,
Approved by thee, and thus approved by all,
Such is our trust in all thine actions. Now
Let him unfold himself.

Is. Ber. Stranger, step forth!

[*The Doge discovers himself.*]

Cons. To arms!—we are betrayed—it is the Doge!

Down with them both! our traitorous captain,
and

The tyrant he hath sold us to!

Calen. (*drawing his sword.*) Hold! Hold!
Who moves a step against them dies. Hold!
hear,

Bertuccio—What! are you appall'd to see
A lone, unguarded, weaponless old man
Amongst you?—Israel, speak! what means
this mystery?

Is. Ber. Let them advance and strike at their
own bosoms,

Ungrateful suicides! for on our lives
Depend their own, their fortunes, and their
hopes.

Doge. Strike!—If I dreaded death, a death
more fearful

Than any your rash weapons can inflict,
I should not now be here;—Oh, noble courage!
The eldest born of fear, which makes you brave
Against this solitary hoary head!
See the bold chiefs, who would reform a state
And shake down senates, mad with wrath and
dread

At sight of one patrician.—Butcher me,
You can; I care not.—Israel, are these men
The mighty hearts you spoke of? look upon
them!

Calen. Faith! he hath shamed us, and de-
servedly.

Was this your trust in your true Chief Bertuc-
cio,

To turn your swords against him and his guest?
Sheathe them, and hear him.

Is. Ber. I disdain to speak.

They might and must have known a heart like
mine

Incapable of treachery; and the power
They gave me to adopt all fitting means
To further their designs, was ne'er abused.
They might be certain that whoever was brought
By me into this council, had been led
To take his choice—as brother, or as victim.

Doge. And which am I to be? your actions
leave

Some cause to doubt the freedom of the choice.

Is. Ber. My lord, we would have perish'd
here together,

Had these rash men proceeded; but, behold,
They are ashamed of that mad moment's im-
pulse,

And droop their heads; believe me, they are such

As I described them—Speak to them.

Calen Ay, speak;

We are all listening in wonder.

Is. Ber. (addressing the conspirators.)

You are safe,

Nay, more, almost triumphant—listen, then, And know my words for truth.

Doge. You see me here,

As one of you hath said, an old, unarm'd, Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me Presiding in the hall of ducal state, Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles, Robed in official purple, dealing out The edicts of a power which is not mine, Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians. Why I was there you know, or think you know; Why I am *here*, he who hath been most wrong'd, He, who among you, hath been most insulted, Outraged and trodden on, until he doubt If he be worm or no, may answer for me, Asking of his own heart what brought him here? You know my recent story, all men know it, And judge of it far differently from those Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn But spare me the recital—it is *here*, Here at my heart the outrage—but my words, Already spent in unavailing plaints, Would only shew my feebleness the more, And I come here to strengthen even the strong, And urge them on to deeds, and not to war With woman's weapons; but I need not urge you.

Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices

In this—I cannot call it commonwealth, Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,

But all the sins of the old Spartan state, Without its virtues, temperance, and valour. The lords of Lacedemon were true soldiers, But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots, Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved, Although drest out to head a pageant, as The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves to form

A pastime for their children. You are met To overthrow this monster of a state, This mockery of a government, this spectre, Which must be exorcised with blood, and then We will renew the times of truth and justice, Condensing in a fair free commonwealth, Not rash equality, but equal rights, Proportion'd like the columns to the temple, Giving and taking strength reciprocal, And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,

So that no part could be removed without Infringement of the general symmetry. In operating this great change, I claim To be one of you—if you trust in me; If not, strike home, my life is compromised, And I would rather fall by freemen's hands, Than live another day to act the tyrant As delegate of tyrants; such I am not, And never have been—read it in our annals; I can appeal to my past government In many lands and cities; they can tell you If I were an oppressor, or a man Feeling and thinking for my fellow men. Haply had I been what the senate sought, A thing of robes and trinkets, dizen'd out To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture; A popular scourge, a ready sentence signer, A stickler for the senate and "the Forty," A sceptic of all measures which had not The sanction of "the Ten," a council-lawyer, A tool, a fool, a puppet,—they had ne'er

Foster'd the wretch who stung me. What I suffer Has reach'd me through my pity for the people;

That many know, and they who know not yet Will one day learn: meantime, I do devote, Whate'er the issue, my last days of life— My present power, such as it is, not that Of Doge, but of a man who has been great Before he was degraded to a Doge, And still has individual means and mind; I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath—

(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh) My heart—my hope—my soul—upon this cast! Such as I am, I offer me to you And to your chiefs, accept me or reject me, A prince who fain would be a citizen Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.

Although the Doge goes fully into the conspiracy, yet he is not altogether free from compunction:—

Doge. Bear with me! Step by step, and blow on blow,

I will divide with you; think not I waver: Ah! no; it is the *certainly* of all Which I must do, doth make me tremble thus. But let these last and lingering thoughts have way,

To which you only and the night are conscious, And both regardless; when the hour arrives, 'Tis mine to sound the knell, and strike the blow, Which shall unpeople many palaces, And hew the highest genealogic trees Down to the earth, strew'd with their bleeding fruit,

And crush their blossoms into barrenness: *This will I—must I—have I sworn to do,* Nor aught can turn me from my destiny; But still I quiver to behold what I Must be, and think what I have been! Bear with me.

Is. Ber. Re-man your breast; I feel no such remorse,

I understand it not; why should you change? You acted, and you act on your free will.

Doge. Ay, there it is—you feel not, nor do I, Else I should stab thee on the spot, to save A thousand lives, and, killing, do no murder; You feel not—you go to this butcher-work As if these high-born men were steers for shambles?

When all is over, you'll be free and merry, And calmly wash those hands incarnadine; But I, outdoing thee and all thy fellows In this surpassing massacre, shall be, Shall see, and feel—oh God! oh God! 'tis true—

And thou dost well to answer that it was "My own free will and act," and yet you err, For I *will* do this! Doubt not—fear not; I Will be your most unmerciful accomplice! And yet I act no more on my free will, Nor my own feelings—both compel me back; But there is *hell* within me and around, And, like the demon who believes and trembles,

Must I abhor and do. Away! away! Get thee unto thy fellows, I will hie me To gather the retainers of our house. Doubt not, Saint Mark's great bell shall wake all Venice,

Except her slaughter'd senate; ere the sun Be broad upon the Adriatic, there Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall drown The roar of waters in the cry of blood! I am resolved—come on.

Bertram, who is guilty of weakness rather than treachery, goes to his friend and patron Lioni, and cautions him not to go forth on the day of the intended massacre. Lioni, unable to gain the secret, secures Bertram. There is one passage in this scene which strikes us as peculiarly happy, and we quote it. Bertram says,—

'I come

To save patrician blood, and not to shed it! And there unto I must to speedy, for Each minute may lose a life; since Time Has changed his slow scythe for the two-edged sword,

And is about to take, instead of sand, The dust from sepulchres, to fill his hour-glass.

We cannot omit noticing another fine soliloquy of the Doge, which is when he has despatched his nephew to commence the dreadful work, and is waiting the issue:—

Doge (solus.) He is gone, And on each footstep moves a life—'Tis done Now the destroying angel hovers o'er Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial, Even as the eagle o'erlooks his prey, And for a moment, poised in middle air, Suspends the motion of his mighty wings, Then swoops with his unerring beak.—Thou day!

That slowly walk'st the waters! march—march on—

I would not smite *if* the dark, but rather see That no stroke errs. And you, ye blue sea-waves!

I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply too, With Genoese, Saracen, and Hunnish gore, While that of Venice flow'd too, but victorious: Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson; no Barbaric blood can reconcile us now Unto that horrible incarnadine, But friend or foe will roll in civic slaughter. And have I lived to fourscore years for this? I, who was named Preserver of the City? I, at whose name the million's caps were flung Into the air, and cries from tens of thousands Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me blessings,

And fame, and length of days—to see this day? But this day, black within the calendar, Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium. Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers To vanquish empires, and refuse their crown; I will resign a crown, and make the state Renew its freedom—but oh! by what means? The noble end must justify them—What Are a few drops of human blood? 'tis false, The blood of tyrants is not human; they, Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours, Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs Which they have made so populous.—Oh world!

Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs, That we must work by crime to punish crime? And slay as if Death had but this one gate, When a few years would make the sword superfluous?

And I, upon the verge of th' unknown realm, Yet send so many heralds on before me?— I must not ponder this. [A pause.]

Hark! was there not A murmur as of some distant voices, and The tramp of feet in martial unison? What phantoms even of sound our wishes raise!

It cannot be—the signal hath not rung—
Why pauses it? my nephew's messenger
Should be upon his way to me, and he
Himself perhaps even now draws grating back
Upon its ponderous hinge the steep tower
portal,

Where swings the sullen huge oracular bell,
Which never knells but for a princely death,
Or for a state in peril, pealing forth
Tremendous bodements; let it do its office,
And be this peal its awfulest and last.
Sound till the strong tower rock!—What! si-
lent still?

I would go forth, but that my post is here,
To be the centre of re-union to
The oft discordant elements which form
Leagues of this nature, and to keep compact
The wavering or the weak, in case of conflict;
For if they should do battle, 'twill be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will thicken;
Then here must be my station, as becomes
The master-mover—Hark! he comes—he
comes,

My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.—
What tidings? Is he marching? hath he
sped?—
They here! all's lost—yet will I make an ef-
fort.

The Doge is arrested and brought
before the Great Council, where he
confesses the accusation against him.
His wife, Angiolina, intercedes that
his life may be spared, but the Council
condemn him to immediate death. The
scene in which this is described we
quote at length:—

*The Court of the Ducal Palace: the outer gates
are shut against the people.—The DOGE enters
in his ducal robes, in procession with the Coun-
cil of Ten and other Patricians, attended by
the Guards till they arrive at the top of the
"Giant's Staircase," (where the Doges took
their oaths); the executioner is stationed
there with his sword.—On arriving, a Chief of
the Ten takes off the ducal cap from the Doge's
head.*

Doge. So now the Doge is nothing, and at
last

I am again Marino Faliero:
'Tis well to be so, though but for a moment.
Here I was crown'd, and here, bear witness,
Heaven!

With how much more contentment I resign
That shining mockery, the ducal bauble,
Than I received the fatal ornament.

One of the Ten.

Thou tremblest, Faliero!

Doge. 'Tis with age, then.

Ben. Faliero! hast thou aught further to
commend,

Compatible with justice, to the senate?

Doge. I would commend my nephew to their
mercy.

My consort to their justice; for methinks
My death, and such a death, might settle all
Between the state and me.

Ben. They shall be cared for;

Even notwithstanding thine unheard-of crime.

Doge. Unheard-of? ay, there's not a history
But shows a thousand crown'd conspirators
Against the people; but to set them free
One sovereign only died, and one is dying.

Ben. And who were they who fell in such a
cause?

Doge. The King of Sparta and the Doge of
Venice—

Agis and Faliero!

Ben. Hast thou more
To utter or to do?

Doge. May I speak?

Ben. Thou may'st;

But recollect the people are without,
Beyond the compass of the human voice.

Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my
banner,

Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved
it,

And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a
wound!

Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies, which will re-
ceive it!

Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and
Thou!

Who kindest and who quenchest suns!—At-
test!

I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?

I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the
doom

Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and her's for ever!—Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield
Unto a bastard Attila, without

Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought

And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town

In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, pandars for a people!

Then, when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his;

When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity;

Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great fathers' heritage, shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of King's Vice-gerent,

Even in the palace where they sway'd as sove-
reigns,

Even in the palace where they slew their sove-
reign,

Proud of some name they have disgraced, or
sprung

From an adulteress boastful of her guilt
With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph

To the third spurious generation; when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the vic-
tors,

Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
Defy all eodes to image or to name them;

Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject king-
dom,

All thine inheritance shall be her shame
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown
A wider proverb for worse prostitution;—

When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling
thee,

Vice without splendour, sin without relief

Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
But in its stead coarse lusts of habitude,
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness
Depraving nature's frailty to an art;—
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without,
pleasure,

Youth without honour, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st
not mourn,

Have made thee last and worst of peopled de-
serts:

Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of mine!
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of
princes!

Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!

Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!

Thee and thy serpent seed!

[Here the DOGE turns and addresses the Ex-
ecutioner.] Slave, do thine office!

Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my
curse!

Strike—and but once!

[The DOGE throws himself upon his knees, and
as the Executioner raises his sword the scene
closes.]

The great length to which we have
extended our extracts leaves us little
room for critical remarks. The tra-
gedy is certainly a noble production,
and worthy of the pen of its distin-
guished author. The characters of
Marino Faliero and Israel Bertuccio,
are powerfully drawn, and throughout
the whole tragedy there is a vigour and
a tone of eloquence which leaves mo-
dern tragedies at an immeasurable
distance. One of the characters, that of
Bertram, will remind the reader of Jaf-
fier in *Venice Preserved*; nor is that the
only thing which will often remind him
both of Otway and Shakespear. The
hunters after plagiarisms will, we doubt
not, be again at work, and like those
who would deny the glory of the sun
because it has spots, will seek to nibble
at the fair fame of the noble author,
because a similarity of sentiment may
happen between him and an earlier
writer.

The 'Prophecy of Dante,' which
follows this tragedy, consists of four
cantos on the exile of the poet, the
author intending to continue the sub-
ject in some future cantos. Dante is
supposed to address the reader in the
interval between the conclusion of the
divina commedia and his death, and,
shortly before the latter event, foretel-
ling the fortunes of Italy in the en-
suing centuries. The whole poem,
which possesses many beauties, is so
connected that it is difficult even to
detach a passage; we shall, however,
select a portion of the last canto, which
alludes to Michael Angelo, and the
building of St. Peter's at Rome:—

'Alas!

Despair and Genius are too oft connected.
 Within the ages which before me pass
 Art shall resume and equal even the sway
 With which Apelles and old Phidias
 She held in Hella's unforgotten day.
 Ye shall be taught by Ruin to revive
 The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
 And Roman souls at last again shall live
 In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
 And temples, loftier than the old temples,
 give
 New wonders to the world; and while still
 stands
 The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
 A dome, its image, while the base expands
 Into a fane surpassing all before,
 Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
 Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
 As this, to which all nations shall repair
 And lay their sins at this huge gate of hea-
 ven.
 And the bold Architect unto whose care
 The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
 Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their
 lord,
 Whether into the marble chaos driven
 His chisel bid the Hebrew, at whose word
 Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
 Or hues of hell be by his pencil pour'd
 Over the damn'd before the Judgment throne;
 Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
 Or fanes he built of grandeur yet unknown,
 The stream of his great thoughts shall spring
 from me,
 The Ghibelline, who traversed the three
 realms
 Which form the empire of eternity.
 Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,
 The age which I anticipate, no less
 Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms
 Calamity the nations with distress,
 The genius of my country shall arise,
 A Cedar towering o'er the Wilderness,
 Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
 Fragrant as fair, and recognized afar,
 Wafting its native incense through the skies.
 Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of
 war,
 Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and
 gaze
 On canvass or on stone; and they who mar
 All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
 Shall feel the power of that which they de-
 stroy;
 And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
 To tyrants who but take her for a toy
 Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
 Her charms to pontiff's proud, who but em-
 ploy
 The man of genius as the meanest brute
 To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
 To sell his labours, and his soul to boot:
 Who toils for nations may be poor indeed
 But free; who sweats for monarchs is no
 more
 Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and
 fee'd,
 Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
 Oh! Power that rulest and inspirest! how
 Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
 Is likeliest thine in heaven in outward show,
 Least like to thee in attributes divine,
 Tread on the universal necks that bow,
 And then assure us that their rights are thine?
 And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
 Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
 From high, they whom the nations oft name,
 Must pass their days in penury or pain,

Or step to grandeur through the paths of
 shame,
 And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?"

This poem opens a fine field for his
 lordship's talents, and when he comes
 to detail the more recent events in the
 history of Italy, he will have a noble
 theme for his muse. In conclusion, we
 cannot but think, that high as his lord-
 ship's reputation already stands, it will
 be considerably raised by the volume
 before us. We confess that we did
 not think he would have succeeded so
 well in a dramatic effort. We expected
 many beautiful and striking passages
 and much originality; but we did not
 think that the unity and connection of
 the incidents would have been so well
 maintained. The tragedy has already
 been produced on the stage, for an ac-
 count of which we must refer to our
 dramatic review.

*Memoirs of the Life of the Right
 Honourable William Pitt.* By George
 Tomline, D. D. F. R. S. Lord
 Bishop of Winchester. 4to. Vols.
 I. and II. pp. 1203. London, 1821.

THERE is, perhaps, no power on earth
 so despotic as that of the critic; he
 brings the whole world to the judg-
 ment seat, passes sentence on kings
 and princes with as little concern as on
 the meanest of their subjects, and will
 condemn an emperor with as much
 composure as the pope, in the heyday
 of his power, would feel in putting his
 foot on the neck of a rebellious prince.
 Already have we in the present num-
 ber passed judgment on a lay peer,
 and now a spiritual one is brought be-
 fore us, and that a prelate of one of the
 richest sees in the country.

The life of Mr. Pitt, who directed
 the counsels of Great Britain during
 the most eventful period of its history,
 must at all times be interesting; but
 it becomes doubly so when the rank,
 talents, and opportunities of his present
 biographer are considered. The Bishop
 of Winchester superintended Mr. Pitt's
 education at the University; he after-
 wards became his confidential secre-
 tary, and, during his whole life, kept
 up a constant communication with him
 upon all matters connected with his
 official situation, having lived with him
 from the beginning of their acquaint-
 ance to the hour of his death, in the
 most unreserved and uninterrupted in-
 timacy; and lastly, having, as one of
 his executors, access to all his papers.

These are advantages rarely united
 in the biographer, and give to the pre-
 sent work a value which memoirs sel-

dom possess. Indeed, it perhaps may
 be said that Mr. Pitt's life was so iden-
 tified with the events of the time, that
 little of him remains to be known to
 the public; but to an individual, who,
 like the Bishop of Winchester, has been
 behind the curtain, and 'through her
 loop-holes of retreat' has 'peeped at
 such a world,' there must have appear-
 ed much that was kept from public
 view. The two volumes now published
 only form a portion of the work, and
 bring the life of Mr. Pitt down to the
 declaration of war by France in 1793,
 a remarkable epoch in the life of the
 premier, and in the history of his
 country. The remaining portion, it is
 expected, will be comprized in one vo-
 lume, 'for which,' says the right reve-
 rend author, 'I reserve what relates to
 Mr. Pitt's private life; and arduous
 as has been the task of describing his
 ministerial conduct, I foresee far
 greater difficulty in giving a just notion
 of his manners, temper, and disposi-
 tion, which I always considered as
 constituting the most extraordinary
 part of his character.'

The religious and political princi-
 ples of the Bishop of Winchester are
 well known: in the former, his rank in
 the church indicates his orthodoxy, and
 in the latter, it must be expected that
 the friend and companion of Pitt was
 an advocate of his principles. In ad-
 vocating these, however, our author
 has not departed from that liberality
 which ought to guide every discussion.
 We now close our remarks to take a
 hasty review of the life of this distin-
 guished individual.

Mr. Pitt, the second son of the great
 Lord Chatham, was born on the 28th
 of May, 1759. In his youth he made
 rapid progress in his learning; in the
 year 1773, his father designing the
 law to be his profession, sent him for
 the completion of his education to
 Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; but, on
 account of his tender age, and the ex-
 treme delicacy of his constitution, his
 former tutor, Mr. Wilson, afterwards
 canon of Windsor, lived with him in the
 college apartment; his studies were,
 however, under the direction of his pre-
 sent biographer. At this early age,
 Mr. Pitt's proficiency in the learned
 languages was so very great, that 'in
 Latin authors he seldom met with dif-
 ficulty, and it was no uncommon thing
 for him to read into English six or seven
 pages of Thucydides, which he had not
 previously seen, without more than two
 or three mistakes and sometimes with-
 out even one.' Nor was it in learning

only that Mr. Pitt was so much superior to persons of his age. 'Though a boy in years and appearance, his manners were formed and his behaviour manly. He mixed in conversation with unaffected vivacity; and delivered his sentiments with perfect ease, equally free from shyness and flippancy, and always with strict attention to propriety and decorum.' While at college, he was regular in his studies and habits, and in the discharge of his religious duties, never omitted to attend chapel morning and evening. When a child, he had been taught to read the Bible by his father, and he appears never to have forgotten it:—

'I had frequent opportunities of observing Mr. Pitt's accurate knowledge of the Bible; and I may, I trust, be allowed to mention the following anecdote: In the year 1797, I was reading with him, in manuscript, my Exposition of the First of the Thirty-nine Articles, which I afterwards published in the Elements of Christian Theology. There were several quotations from Scripture, all of which he remembered, and made no observation upon them. At last, we came to a quotation, at which he stopped and said, "I do not recollect that passage in the Bible, and it does not sound like Scripture." It was a quotation from the Apocrypha, which he had not read.'

It was not only in language, but also in mathematics and philosophy, that Mr. Pitt's attainments were considerable. He was a great admirer of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding: he had an elegant taste for the beauties of the English poets, and, when young, occasionally wrote verses. In May, 1778, Mr. Pitt lost his father: this illustrious statesman saw, with 'prophetic ken,' the future greatness of his son. This, as well as his affectionate heart and amiable character, appear in the following letters. The first is written by Lord Chatham to Mr. Pitt upon his going to the University in 1773:—

'Burton Pynsent, Oct. 9th, 1773.

'Thursday's post brought us no letter from the dear traveller. We trust this day will prove more satisfactory; it is the happy day that gave us your brother, and will not be less in favour with all here, if it should give us, about four o'clock, an epistle from my dear William. By that hour, I reckon, we shall be warm in our cups, and shall not fail to pour forth, with renewed joy, grateful libations over the much wished tidings of your prosperous progress towards your destination. We compute, that yesterday brought you to the venerable aspect of alma mater; and that you are invested to-day with the toga virilis. Your race of manly virtue, and useful knowledge is now begun, and may

the favour of heaven smile upon the noble career!

'Little ——— was really disappointed at not being in time to see you—a good mark for my young vivid friend. He is just as much compounded of the elements of *air* and *fire* as he was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come, and make him perfect. How happy, my loved boy, is it, that your mamma and I can tell ourselves, there is at Cambridge *one*, without a beard, 'and all the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up, and say, this is a man.' I now take leave for to-day, not meaning this for what James calls a *regular* letter, but a flying thought, that wings itself towards my absent William. Horses are ready, and all is birth-day.

'Bradshaw has shone, this auspicious morning, in a very fine speech of congratulation; but I foresee, 'his sun sets weeping in the lowly west,' that is, a fatal bowl of punch will, before night, quench this luminary of oratory. Adieu, again and again, sweet boy; and if you acquire health and strength every time I wish them to you, you will be a second Sampson, and, what is more, will, I am sure, keep your hair.

'Every good wish attend your kind fellow traveller and *chumm*; nor will he be forgot in our flowing bowls to-day.'

'To this interesting letter, Lady Chatham added the following postscript:

'If more could be said expressive of feelings, my dearest dear boy, I would add a letter to this epistle, but as it is composed, I will only sign to its expressive contents,

'Your fond and loving mother,
'HESTER CHATHAM.'

In another letter, dated a few days afterwards, he recommends his son, then in a bad state of health, to let his ardour be kept in until he is stronger, when he 'will make *noise* enough.' As every thing relating to Lord Chatham is interesting, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting two more of his letters to his son:—

'Hayes, Sept. 2, 1777.

'I write, my dearest William, the post just going out, only to thank you for your most welcome letter, and for the affectionate anxiety you express for my situation, left behind in the hospital, when our flying camp moved to Stowe. Gout has for the present subsided, and seems to intend deferring his favours till winter, if autumn will do its duty, and bless us with a course of steady weather; those days, which Madame de Sevigné so beautifully paints, *des jours filés d'or et de soye*.

'I have the pleasure to tell you, your mother and sisters returned perfectly well from Bucks, warm in praises of magnificent and princely Stowe; and full of due sentiments of the agreeable and kind reception they found there. No less than

two dancings, in the short time they passed there. One escape from a wasp's nest, which proved only an adventure to talk of, by the incomparable skill and presence of mind of Mr. Cotton, driving our girls in his carriage with four very fine horses, and no postillion. They fell into an ambuscade of wasps more fierce than Pandours, who beset these couriers of spirit not inferior to Xanthus and Poldarges, and stung them to madness; when disdaining the master's hand, he turned them short into a hedge, threw some of them, as he meant to do; and leaping down, seized the bridles of the leaders, which afforded time for your sisters to get out safe and sound, their honor, in point of courage, intact, as well as their bones; for they are celebrated not a little on their composure in this alarming situation. I rejoice that your time passes to your mind, in the evacuated seat of the Muses. However, knowing that those heavenly ladies (unlike the London fair) delight most, and spread their choicest charms and treasures in sweet retired solitude, I won't wonder that their true votary is happy to be alone with them. Mr. Pretymann will by no means spoil company, and I wish you joy of his return. How many commons have you lost of late? Whose fences have you broken; and in what lord of the manor's pound have any strays of science been found, since the famous adventure of catching the horses with such admirable address and alacrity? I beg my affectionate compliments to Mr. Wilson, and hope you will both beware of an inclosed country for the future. Little James is still with us, doing penance for the high living so well described to you in Mrs. Pam's excellent epistle. All loves follow my sweetest boy in more abundance than I have time or ability to express.

'I desire my best compliments to the kind and obliging master, who loves Cicero and you.'

'My readers will be sorry to learn, that the following is the last letter of Lord Chatham, which I am able to submit to their perusal; it was written only seven or eight months before his death.'

'Hayes, Sept. 22, 1777.

'How can I employ my reviving pen so well as by addressing a few lines to the hope and comfort of my life, my dear William? You will have pleasure to see, under my own hand, that I mend every day, and that I am all but well. I have been this morning to Camden place, and sustained, most manfully, a visit, and all the idle talk thereof, for above an hour by Mr. Norman's clock; and returned home, untired, to dinner, where I eat like a farmer. Lord Mahon has confounded, not convinced, the incorrigible *soi-disant* Dr. Wilson. Dr. Franklin's lightning, rebel as he is, stands proved the more innocent; and Wilson's nobs must yield to the pointed conductors. On Friday, Lord Mahon's indefatigable spirit is to exhibit another incendium, to lord mayor,

foreign ministers, and all lovers of philosophy and the good of society; and means to illuminate the horizon with a little bonfire of twelve hundred faggots and a double edifice. Had our dear friend been born sooner, Nero and the second Charles could never have amused themselves by reducing to ashes the two noblest cities in the world. My hand begins to demand repose;—so, with my best compliments to Aristotle, Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, not forgetting the civilians, and law of nations tribe, adieu, my dearest William.

“Your ever most affectionate father,
CHATHAM.”

Mr. Pitt was called to the bar in June, 1780, and went the Western Circuit that year. At the general election in that year, he was an unsuccessful candidate to represent the University of Cambridge in parliament; but, in January, 1781, he was returned for the borough of Appleby in Westmoreland. Mr. Pitt's public life was at a very critical and important moment. The country was engaged in war with North America, France, Spain, and Holland, without a single ally to assist her. In India, the native powers had entered into a formidable confederacy to expel the British from the country. At home, affairs were not more favourable; repeated failures in our naval and military operations had lowered the spirit of the people and weakened their confidence in government; trade was in a depressed state; there was a deficiency in the revenues, and the resources of the country were considered as nearly exhausted. How vast these resources still were, Mr. Pitt afterwards proved:—

“On the 26th of February, a circumstance of a very remarkable nature occasioned Mr. Pitt to make his first speech in the House of Commons. The subject of debate was, Mr. Burke's bill for economical reform in the civil list. Lord Nugent was speaking against the bill; and Mr. Byng, member for Middlesex, knowing Mr. Pitt's sentiments upon the measure, asked him to reply to his lordship. Mr. Pitt gave a doubtful answer; but in the course of Lord Nugent's speech, he determined not to reply to him. Mr. Byng, however, understood that Mr. Pitt intended to speak after Lord Nugent; and the moment his lordship sat down, Mr. Byng, and several of his friends, to whom he had communicated Mr. Pitt's supposed intention, called out, in the manner usual in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt's name as being about to speak. This, probably, prevented any other person from rising; and Mr. Pitt, finding himself thus called upon, and observing that the house waited to hear him, thought it necessary to rise. Though

really not intending to speak, he was from the beginning collected and unembarrassed; he argued strongly in favour of the bill, and noticed all the objections which had been urged by the noble lord who immediately preceded him in the debate, in a manner which greatly astonished all who heard him. Never were higher expectations formed of any person upon his first coming into parliament, and never were expectations more completely answered. They were indeed much more than answered; such were the fluency and accuracy of language, such the perspicuity of arrangement, and such the closeness of reasoning, and manly and dignified elocution—generally, even in a much less degree, the fruits of long habit and experience—that it could scarcely be believed to be the first speech of a young man not yet two-and-twenty.

“On the following day, Mr. Pitt, knowing my anxiety upon every subject which related to him, with his accustomed kindness, wrote to me at Cambridge, to inform me, that “he had heard his own voice in the House of Commons;” and modestly expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which his first attempt at parliamentary speaking had been received.”

Mr. Pitt spoke three times in the course of that session, and appears to have made a considerable impression. Mr. Fox estimated his talents from the first. Of this we have the following evidence:—

“After the close of the session in which Mr. Pitt made these three speeches, a friend of Mr. Fox told me, that upon his saying to Mr. Fox, “Mr. Pitt, I think, promises to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons,” Mr. Fox instantly replied, “He is so already.” From this and other testimonies, it appears, that Mr. Fox was very early impressed with a high idea of Mr. Pitt's talents. It ought to be mentioned, to the mutual credit of these two great men, that in future life, when they were the leaders of two opposite parties, and the supporters of different systems of politics, they always in private spoke of each other's abilities with the highest respect. Mr. Fox, at a late period of Mr. Pitt's first administration, said, that “he had been narrowly watching Mr. Pitt for many years, and could never catch him tripping once; and in conversation with me, I always noticed, that Mr. Pitt considered Mr. Fox as far superior to any of his opponents, as a debater in the House of Commons.”

On the circuit in that year, he was employed in several election causes of great interest; and of his forensic talents we have the following account, furnished the author by a gentleman who was very intimate with Mr. Pitt:—

“Among lively men of his own time of life Mr. Pitt was always the most lively and convivial in the many hours of leisure

which occur to young unoccupied men on a circuit; and joined all the little excursions to Southampton, Weymouth, and such parties of amusement as were habitually formed. He was extremely popular. His name and reputation of high acquirements at the university, commanded the attention of his seniors. His wit, his good humour, and joyous manners, endeared him to the younger part of the bar. In some bribery causes from Cricklade, he was retained as junior counsel; but even in that subordinate character, he had an opportunity of arguing a point of evidence with extraordinary ability. I remember, also, in an action of crim. con. at Exeter, as junior counsel, he manifested such talents in cross-examination, that it was the universal opinion of the bar, that he should have led the cause. During his short stay in the profession, he never had occasion to address a jury; but upon a motion in the court of king's bench, for an habeas corpus to bring up a man to be bailed, who was charged with murder, Mr. Pitt made a speech which excited the admiration of the bar, and drew down very complimentary approbation from Lord Mansfield. When he first made his brilliant display in parliament, those at the bar who had seen little of him, expressed surprise; but a few who had heard him once speak in a sort of mock debate at the Crown and Anchor tavern, when a club, called the Western Circuit Club, was dissolved, agreed, that he had then displayed all the various species of eloquence, for which he was afterwards celebrated. Before he distinguished himself in the House of Commons, he certainly looked seriously to the law as a profession. The late Mr. Justice Rooke told me, that Mr. Pitt dangled seven days with a junior brief and a single guinea fee, waiting till a cause of no sort of importance should come on in the court of common pleas. At Mr. Pitt's instance, an annual dinner took place for some years at Richmond Hill, the party consisting of Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, Mr. Bond, Mr. Leycester, Mr. Jekyll, and others; and I well remember a dinner, with Mr. Pitt and several of his private friends, at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, in celebration of Shakespeare's Falstaff. We were all in high spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakespeare the whole day; and it appeared, that Mr. Pitt was as well and familiarly read in the poet's works as the best Shakspearians present. But to speak of his conviviality is needless. After he was minister, he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners were unaltered.”

In all the debates which took place for the removal of Lord North and his colleagues from office, Mr. Pitt took a very prominent part. “He frequently suggested modes of proceeding when difficulties occurred; he constantly replied to the principal

speakers on the opposite side; and though he had been scarcely twelve months in parliament, and was not yet twenty-three years of age, he answered their arguments and objections with the readiness and exactness of the most experienced debater, and in a style of oratory so dignified and brilliant that, at this early dawn, he was compared to his illustrious father in his meridian splendour.' In the Rockingham administration, Mr. Pitt was offered several situations, but he refused them, and soon afterwards publicly declared that he would never accept an office which did not entitle him to a seat in the cabinet. In noticing Mr. Pitt's motion for a Reform in Parliament, his biographer gives us his opinion on this much agitated question, which not only contains a good deal of feasible argument, but also exhibits so much candour that we cannot forego the pleasure of quoting it, as illustrative of the truth of a preliminary remark we made as to the liberality of the author. He is speaking of the fate of Mr. Pitt's motion, which was lost by a majority of twenty:—

'It is not to be inferred from this majority, that no defect was supposed to exist in the present construction of the House of Commons, and no departure to have taken place from the original plan of representation. The ground on which the motion was opposed was this, that it may be wiser to submit to certain deviations and irregularities in an established form of government, rather than, by attempting to correct them, to hazard the safety of the whole fabric. A practice may indeed prevail, utterly indefensible in theory, and irreconcilable with the design of the framers of a political institution, and yet, from the changes, to which time subjects every community, may not be mischievous in its nature, and may even be productive of beneficial effects. It is, for instance, a principle of our House of Commons, that its members should be chosen by the unbiassed votes of their constituents. But the fact is, that a considerable number of the members are chosen through the influence of persons, who, from private connexions or various other causes, happen to have weight with the voters; and that seats in parliament, to a certain extent, are obtained through pecuniary means, as was acknowledged without scruple in the debate upon Mr. Pitt's motion. This, it will be admitted on all hands, was never in the contemplation of our ancestors, but still no material harm seems likely to result from it, while confined to its present bounds; and, perhaps, upon the whole, the good may preponderate. The two things chiefly to be desired in the House of Commons are, that it should be open, first, to persons of ex-

tensive property of every species, who, from their large stake in the country, will be most studious to consult and provide for its real interests; and, secondly, to men, who, by possessing superior talents, will be best able to promote the welfare, and raise the glory, of the nation. Members of the former description, who have been truly independent, and of the latter, who have been highly distinguished, have been introduced into parliament, by means of what are called close and rotten boroughs, among whom may be reckoned Lord Chatham, Lord North, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt. View the question in another light: it is the duty of the House of Commons, both to direct the concerns of the kingdom at large, and to watch over and protect the particular interests of all those various classes of persons, of which the community consists; and the present diversity of the elective franchise affords an opportunity to men of all the liberal professions and respectable situations in life to become members of the House of Commons; men of landed property, monied men, merchants, bankers, officers in the army and navy, lawyers, civilians, diplomatists, and those who, from consciousness of ability, are ambitious to serve their king and country in some political department. Hence, not only every order in society has its guardians in the great council of the nation to prevent any partially oppressive or injurious measure, but the House of Commons has among its members persons, who can, from their own knowledge and experience, give information upon any point under deliberation, and suggest proposals upon subjects to which they have directed their attention, and in which the public good may be concerned. This great variety of characters in the members, is of itself attended with important advantages; and were they entirely or principally chosen from any single description of men, the worst consequences must inevitably ensue. Whatever defects, therefore, there may be in the present system of representation, and however short it may fall of ideal perfection, it seems no wonder, that the House of Commons, as now elected, should have been considered well calculated for all the practical purposes of one branch of a free government; and that it should have been decided, that there was no benefit in view sufficient to justify the risque, which must have been incurred by any alteration.'

(To be continued.)

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

THE brothers Percy appear to calculate largely, and we suspect justly, on the avidity of the public for anecdote; as they still pour out from their abundant stores, their monthly portion, and still succeed in giving variety to the collection. Of the whole series, which

has already reached seventeen parts, the last number, which is devoted to *Anecdotes of Genius*, appear to us not only the most interesting, but we suspect, presents as strong a claim to originality as any of its predecessors. By originality, we must not be understood to assert that the facts illustrative of genius are entirely new to us, but that they are generally such as have not been detached as anecdotes or not very generally known. The subject is one that affords much variety of incident, and this volume presents genius in almost all its shapes, and often under circumstances of peculiar interest. The following are extracts:—

'*Tourneur*.—Monsieur de Tourneur, the elegant translator of Young's *Night Thoughts*, sold the version for the trifling sum of twenty-five louis d'ors, to a Madame de Clene, who at least made sixty thousand livres of the work! While de Tourneur was translating Young, and adding new energy to his native language, he was seldom indulged with a bed to repose his wearied limbs on; being often obliged with his wife to leave Paris before night, to seek the most convenient and hospitable hedge in the environs of the capital, under which they might wait the dawn of the succeeding day, fraught with equal misery.'

'*Lovelace*.

"Dinnerless the polish'd Lovelace died."

C. DYER.

'Colonel Sir Richard Lovelace was an amiable and accomplished man, who lived in the time of the civil wars: by the men, respected for his moral worth and literary talents; by the fair sex, almost idolized for the elegance of his person, and the sweetness of his manners. He was author of a collection of poems, intitled *Lucasta*, printed in 1649; and which possess great merit. Being a great loyalist, he was appointed by the people of Kent to deliver their petition to the House of Commons for the restoration of Charles, and for settling the government. The petition giving offence, he was committed to the Gate House, Westminster, where he wrote that well-known and elegant little song, "*Loyalty Confined*," beginning thus:—

"When Love with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings,
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered in her eye;
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty."

'After a few months' confinement, he obtained his liberation; but having, by that time, consumed all his estate, partly by furnishing the king with men and money, and partly by assisting ingenious persons of every description in difficulties; he became himself, not long after, involved in the greatest distress, and fell into a

deep melancholy; which brought on a consumption, and made him as poor in person as in purse, till he became the object even of common charity. The man, who, in the days of his gallantry, wore cloth of gold, was now naked, or half covered only with filthy rags! he who had thrown splendour on palaces, now shrunk into obscure and dirty alleys; he who had associated with princes, had banquetted on dainties, been the patron of the indigent, the admiration of the wise and brave, the darling of the chaste and fair, was now fain to herd with beggars, gladly to partake of their coarse offals, and thankfully receive their twice given alms:—

“To hovel him with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw.”

‘Worn out with misery, he at length expired in 1658, at a very mean and wretched lodging, in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride’s Church, Fleet Street.’

‘*Crebillon*.—When Crebillon was composing his tragedy of *Cataline*, a friend called on him, and was surprised to see four large ravens sitting at his elbow. “Walk gently, my good friend,” said the poet, “walk gently, or you will put my conspirators to flight.”

‘In his last illness, Crebillon expressed great regret that he should not live to finish the play which he had in hand, having gone through two acts of it only. The physician who attended him, begged that he would bequeath him the two acts. Crebillon turned to him, and, with a smile, repeated a line from one of the acts:—

“Say shall the assassin be the dead man’s heir?”

‘*Moods of Writing*.—Aristotle mentions a poet, who never wrote so well as when his poetic fury hurried him into a kind of phrenzy. The admirable pictures we have in Tasso’s *Armida* and *Clorinda*, were drawn at the expense of a disposition he had to real madness, into which he fell before he died. “Do you imagine,” says Cicero, “that Pacuvius wrote in cold blood? No; it was impossible. He must have been inspired with a kind of fury, to be able to write such admirable verses.”

‘In the modes which have been taken of exciting the mind to particular temperaments, there is a strange contrariety. Dryden used to ply himself with physic and phlebotomy before sitting down to any important work; Blackstone never penned a line without a bottle of old Port at his elbow; while Dr. Johnson, a very dray-horse in literary drudgery, used to laugh at all such preparatives, and to contend that a man was worth nothing, who could not write equally well at all times and under all circumstances.’

‘*Walter Scott*.—It is not generally known, that there was a poet of the name of Walter Scott, before the present cele-

brated bard. He lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, and describes himself as—

“An old souldier and no scholler;
And one that can write none
But just the letters of his name.”

‘On the death of his grandfather, Sir Robert Scott, of Thirlstone, his father having no means to bring up his children, put this Walter to attend cattle in the field; “but,” said he, “I gave them the short cut at last, and left the kine in the carn; and ever since that time, I have continued a souldier abroad and at home.” He left a poem written at the age of seventy-three, dedicated to two gentlemen of the name of Scott, which he thus concludes:—

“—Begone my book, stretch forth thy wings
and fly

Amongst the nobles and gentility;
Thou’rt not to sell to scavengers and clowns,
But given to worthy persons of renown.
The numbers few I’ve printed in regard,
My charges have been great, and I hope reward;

I caused not print many above twelve score,
And the printers are engaged that they shall
print no more.”

The part is dedicated to Mr. Southey, and contains a very neat portrait of the poet laureat. We presume that the brothers Percy had not seen the ‘*Vision of Judgment*,’ when they selected its author *par excellence*, as the representative of genius.

Original Communications.

LETTER FROM W. B. L.
TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR —.—In the name of all that is heavenly, how long dost thou intend to winter in that vilest of all vile abodes—London? Of a verity, thine abiding hath alarmed me much; and, did I not perceive thy head and hand impressed upon the pages of thy periodical, I should imagine thou wert a subject for some city Galen.

Thy last epistle to me, my right good friend, beareth date in January last; albeit, I have replied thereunto three several times, and yet have I received no rejoinder. Now, in sober solemnity, this is too bad,—and I should have felt in my heart to have ‘cut’ thee quite, but that I have pondered on thy avocations, — independently of which, too, my affectionate rib hath whispered into mine ear, that the month of thy wonted sojourning approacheth, and the remembrance of thy exquisite jocundity forceth a smile upon the lips that were almost resolved upon eternal compression to thee.

However, as I propose to place thee upon trial once (mind, only *once*) more,

I shall e’en forget and forgive past misconduct, and tell thee, that on May-day, at four a. m. all eyes from ——— Lodge will be directed athwart the park, towards the King’s highway, and the first machine-hauling quadruple of quadrupeds we behold—look that thou be with them; if not, ———.

This being dispatched, now for some inquiries as touching thee and thine, (*videlicet*,) the *Chronicle*; but, peradventure, I should first tell of internal impressions. It makes a marvellous stir in the country round abouts, I promise thee. But, to the bar of all jesting, my dear fellow, I must very heartily congratulate you upon your extensive and extending influence;—your sale in this quarter is absolutely astounding, and there is some talk of the establishment of paper-mills upon the strength of it here—trusting to the advantage of my brotherhood to thee; but of this, more anon.

By the by, who is this ‘W. H. PARRY,’ that writes such flaming articles in you? He is, certes, a devilish shrewd dog—none of your milk and water men—one who knows how to enjoy a delicious garden without shoving his proboscis into every hole and corner, to find out weeds and dandelions—and can smell a rose as he should do, without pricking his fingers. I must know this Mr. Parry—do get him to come down with you. I see the name of one ‘SAM SPRITSAIL,’ too—he’s no fool let me tell you; I wish he would take some appellation less villainous,—I never see it without thinking of Wapping—a place of all others—but you know Wapping; you may shake hands with him for me, if you please, but say nothing of the invitation to Parry, (Sam’s a good fellow, and I should be loth to hurt his heart;) but my place, you know, is more of a box than a castle, and I should not find room for all your clever contributors.

Our friend ——— will be there—he promises to give you some extracts of his projected work, for which I beg to say you must thank my exertions. That will certainly make a buz in the world, I suspect; when you notice it, try to restrain your admiration, and speak with the coldest equanimity. You recollect when I exhibited to you his paragraph on the ———, intimating that it was the prosing of old Parson S. (as great a blockhead, you know, out of the way of drinking and rabbit-shooting, as ever took orders.) I thought you would go mad—you swore ’twas excellent—absolutely

divine—and when I introduced you to each other, good Lord! what lore and logic followed—'faith, I thought half-a-dozen of such heads would set the world in flames, in a month, (lunar,) and I am not *now* sure that *seven* would not do the job.

I have a strong idea of publishing some of my doggerel; Longman and his host of adjuncts have offered me 650l. but I refused—not from vanity, (no, 'pon my honour,) but I wish to stand upon my own merits, and challenge the true opinion of the world.

An Oxford friend of mine (a M. A.) spoke to me the other day about your paper,—hinting, that if you had any wish to retire from the conduct of it, a 'cool' 2000l. would be at your service,—muttering something about advances on a contingency; I almost think I affronted him, for I laughed in his face,—I made the *amende honorable* as well as I could, however, by mentioning its high solicitation over the water.

But I must, *pro tempore*, hold my peace, for the Bath vellum is (are not you?) exhausted, and your friend D. is attending to his duties, near St. Stephens, so that I have not a frank for it; therefore, my dear ———, believe me,

Thine absolutely and for ever,

W. B. L.

P. S. I fancy I must soon borrow a column or two in your paper, for the purpose of doing a good deed. There happen to be sundry worthy literati whose knuckles require to be rapped, and as I have had a rod in my pickling jar for some time past, I shall speedily make an application of it; you *guess* to whom I am making allusion,—therefore *mum*.

ANCIENT COIN.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I am ashamed to be so troublesome to you and your readers, but since I sent my letter, which appeared in your last Chronicle, I have discovered that on the reverse side of the coin, found in Spa Fields, are these letters,—D A V D. As it may throw much light on the information which I have already communicated, I trust you will indulge me with this note's insertion.

Your's, &c. P.

Londiniana,

No. XIX.

THE INNS OF COURT, &c. &c.

(Concluded from p. 237.)

Grays Inn.—Another and last of the inns of court; so named from the an-

cient and noble family of the Grays having resided here from A. D. 1315, until the latter end of the reign of King Henry the Seventh. But, notwithstanding this residence of the Grays, it is observed from good authority, that the students of the law held this house by lease from the Lord Gray of Wilton, in King Edward the Third's reign; and, about eight years after, a bargain and sale of the manor of Port Pool (or Grays Inn), made to Hugh Denys, the prior and monks of Sheene, near Richmond, got licence to purchase lands in mortmain to the value of 100l. per annum; and, accordingly, they had granted to them the said manor with the appurtenances, four messuages, four gardens, one croft, eight acres of land, and which the said prior and monks of Sheene possessed, and which they devised to the students of the law for the rent of 6l. 13s. 4d. per annum, as appears by the register of the house, and which they so held until the general dissolution of monasteries by Parliament, 30th Henry VIII.; which then coming to the crown was granted to them soon after by the said king in fee, in the 32d Henry VIII.; the said rent of 6l. 13s. 4d. was paid to the king's use for one whole year as per the accounts of the treasurers. Vid. Orig. Jur. p. 172. and thus it has continued ever since.

The first reader of this house was John Spelman, Esq. A. D. 1516, first treasurer, A. D. 1530.

There are several coats of arms in the hall, among which are those of Lord Gray of Wilton; Sir Nicholas Bacon, keeper of the great seal; Sir Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam; and Sir John Spelman, one of the judges of the King's Bench.

As to the buildings,—the chapel is supposed to have been erected soon after the inn was established: it is of the Gothic order, and appears to have undergone a thorough repair in 1699; there are no burials in it, nor, consequently, any monuments. The roof of the hall is finely built of oak timber in the manner of Westminster Hall.

Serjeant's Inns.—Are two, the one situate on the south side of Fleet Street, opposite Fetter Lane; the other in Chancery Lane, on the east side, and near the end adjoining to Clifford's Inn.

Mr. Stow says these inns were intended solely for the use of the judges and serjeants.—(Vide prefatory remarks to these inns).

The one in Fleet Street was de-

stroyed by fire on the 1st January 1702, and rebuilt A. D. 1703. There is in each a hall and chapel.

Barnard's Inn.—An inn of chancery belonging to Gray's Inn, situate on the south side of Holborn, near Castle Street; it was anciently called Mackworth's Inn, as given by the executors of John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, A. D. 1453, about which time it is believed to have been made an inn of chancery.

Clement's Inn.—Also an inn of chancery, situate near St. Clement's Church, (not so called from the well,) but both the church, inn, and well from the pope to whom the church was dedicated, Clement,—a word signifying mild, and of which name there have been one bishop and many popes of Rome; it is believed that the church was dedicated to Clement the First, who was (according to Dr. Heylin's Catalogue of the Bishops and Popes of Rome,) the first after St. Peter, who had the charge of the Christian church about the year of Christ 94. Mr. Stow says, the word Danes was annexed because Harold*, a Danish king, and other Danes were here buried. It is supposed the students of the law had their inns or lodgings here about A. D. 1478. It is said to have descended to the Earls of Clare from Sir William Hollis, lord mayor of London, A. D. 1539, who had it from one Cantlows, about the year 1528.

Clifford's Inn.—Another of the inns of chancery, situate on the north side of Fleet Street, by Saint Dunstar's Church, and so named as being the city residence of the honourable family of the Cliffords (from whom the Earls of Cumberland descended,) Robert de Clifford having the inheritance thereof by grant from King Edward the Second, A. D. 1309, to hold by the service of one penny paid into the exchequer at Michaelmas; and it came to the king for certain debts due to him from one Malcolme de Harley, escheator to Edward the First, on this side the Trent; and the widow of the said Robert demised it, A. D. 1337, to students in the common law for the rent of 10l. and afterwards by a grant thereof to Nicholas Sulyard, Esq. principal of this house, and other seniors, in consideration of 600l. and 4l. per annum, which is most probably continued to the lawyers ever since.

* Harold's body was taken up and thrown into the Thames by order of Hardicanute, and was afterwards found by a fisherman and buried in this church-yard.

Furnival's Inn.—Another of the inns of chancery, situate on the north side of Holborn, almost opposite Fetter Lane. It was given the name of Furnival from having been the house of the family of the Lord Furnivals, and was at last let out in tenements to lawyers, who it appears resided here A. D. 1407.

Lyon's Inn.—Also an inn of chancery, situate on the south side of Wych Street, has been known as an inn ever since the year 1420, its foundation being uncertain.

New Inn.—An inn of chancery, situate on the north side of Wych Street, to which place this society is supposed to have removed from Sea Coal Lane, to be for their convenience nearer to the other inns of court and chancery.

This place was before their removal a common hostry, or inn known by the sign of the 'Blessed Virgin,' and was procured from Sir John Fineux, sometime Lord Chief Justice of England, for the rent of 6l. per annum, and they were to be considered as tenants at will.

Staples Inn.—Another inn of chancery, situate on the south side of Holborn, a little eastward from Middle Row. It appears by tradition to have been so called from its being formerly a stall where wool merchants used to meet (wool being one of the four staple commodities mentioned by the statutes).

It likewise appears to have been an inn of chancery in A. D. 1415, and probably long before that time; and was held by lease, and the inheritance granted by John Knighton and Alice his wife, to the ancients of Gray's Inn, about 20th Henry 8th, by the name of all the messuage or inn of chancery called Staple Inn.

Thavies Inn.—Also an inn of chancery, situate on the south side of Holborn, almost opposite Hatton Garden, called Thavie's from one Mr. John Thavy, whose house it was in the reign of Edward the Third, and at the same time an hostel or inn for the apprentices (says his will) of the law; and coming afterwards into the possession of Gregory Nichols, citizen and mercer of London, he, in the year 1549, granted it to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, and their successors, who demised it to the principal and fellows of this house for 3l. 6s. 8d. with the like privilege as at Furnival's Inn, as to the gentlemen's admission.

Simmond's Inn.—Situate on the east side of Chancery Lane, is not an inn

of Chancery: its origin is dubious; it is chiefly occupied by attornies, &c.

E. S.

Original Poetry.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

To —.

My love,—t'other day, as we stray'd
O'er meads where wild flowers were growing,
'Mongst others that beauty display'd,—
One sweet little flow'et was blowing;
How pensive it hung its small head,
How modest its charms were disclos'd,
It shrunk from the sight as with dread,
That the day had its beauty expos'd.
Forget-me-not, plaintive I sigh'd,
Is the name of the delicate flow'r!
'Forget me not!' sweet you replied,
'Forget me not,' while in your power.

Our eyes then our feelings impart,
And all that was ever express'd
By language, was felt in each heart,
And vented in sighs from each breast.
My love, this same sweet little flow'r,
Whose name will be dear to me ever,
A lesson has taught from that hour,
No time from my bosom can sever;
'Forget me not,' should we ere part,
Is the bosom's soft language of each,
Thus the little blue flow'r to the heart;—
Tells all that whole volumes can teach.

O. F.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

INSCRIBED TO ELIZA*.

WHOEVER the youth that hath left thee so lone,
That thy love is sunk deeply from melody's
tone;
Far, far, may he wander o'er ocean and land,
And be toss'd on the waves, and be wreck'd
on the sand;
May his heart-strings be wither'd, his prospects
decay'd,
If he hasten not back to his desolate maid;—
If the strings of conviction, with sorrows that
burn,
Do not check his career, and inspire his return.
Oh die not, thou feminine sufferer, in love!
There are trials and traits that their sweetness
prove;
After storms there are rainbows of sunshine so
bright,
That the cloudy-hued morn rests in beauty at
night:—
There are flowers, that were sinking to earth in
despair,
Updrawn by the gentle compassionate air:—
So thy grief into comfort and life may be
sigh'd,
And thou be his happy and delicate bride!
Is thy heart not o'erprest when remembrance
portrays,
In the sadness of fancy, the past of thy days?
Is the present not gloomy, because of thy
tears?
Will the future be more so,—impeded by fears?
Imagine new pleasures, tread anguish beneath,
And entwine thy white brow with a fanciful
wreath;
Oh muse thee not yet on the tomb and give
up,
While one drop of affection remain in Hope's
cup.

J. R. P.

* See 'Farewell,' in *Literary Chronicle*, p. 238

Fine Arts.

BRITISH GALLERY.—No. V.

(Concluded.)

'The cunning painters that with curious care
Limning a landscape, various, rich, and rare,
Have set to work, in all and every part,
Invention, judgment, nature, use, and art.'

ANON.

THE south room of the gallery of the British Institution, upon which we now intend to offer our concluding observations, contains, we think, more to like, less to disappoint us, and less to admire, than either of the preceding divisions. There are fewer failures and a greater proportion of respectably executed pictures, than we find either in the north or middle compartments of the exhibition, while there is comparatively much less of excellence to attract the attention or gratify the judgment. This is, perhaps, owing, in a great measure, to the superabundance of pictures of still life, dead game, and subjects of a similar nature, which we meet with in this room; subjects which, although they admit of great excellence in their several walks, are yet incapable of that strong and almost preternatural superiority with which performances, on a loftier stage of art, are, by the magic of genius, worthy of being invested. They ought, perhaps, in general, rather to be considered as the common places of the imitative arts, useful, indeed, as studies for the acquisition and treasuring up of knowledge and of skill, for the more important branches of design, and not as objects worthy of the sole and exclusive, or even of the principal care of the professor. We have, perhaps, run to too great a length upon this point, but we could not avoid digressing in some degree, for the purpose of warning the lovers of art against a practice which, we are afraid, is gaining ground in our present 'ton' of painting. There are, however, some splendid exceptions in the room now under consideration; we believe we need only mention the names of Singleton and the late E. Bird to confirm our opinion. From the pencil of the former we were extremely gratified in recognizing 'the Conversion of the Jailor, by Paul and Silas.' It is a performance replete with intelligence, character, and beauty of composition, not unattended by a considerable degree of practical skill. The character of Paul, energetic and enthusiastic, during the period of his zealous attachment to Judaism, embodied as it is, in the sky scaling glance and rapturous exclamation of triumph, is nobly con-

trasted with the milder and less strenuous faith of Silas, which finds its vent in the startling emotions of wonder. The sketch for his 'Chevy Chase,' by Mr. Bird, is a strong and vigorous effort of his genius, rough, like the tumult of departed heroism, yet containing, within its unpolished exterior, the remains of the heart that was daring to design, and of the hand that was strong to execute. We were also highly delighted with the 'Satan and Ithuriel,' of the former of these artists: a performance, of which it may be said with justice, that it breathes the very soul of Milton, striking the soul back upon itself in the fearfulness of sublimity, and charming the attention by the exquisite tone of fancy which breathes throughout. The Titanian form of 'Hell's mighty Paramount,' and the angels 'severe in youthful beauty,' are delineated and grouped with exquisite felicity, and the colouring and chiaroscuro of the piece are accordant to the strain of sublimity which ennobles it. The figures of the mortal Dramatis Personæ have, perhaps, hardly enough of the beau ideal to bring to our recollection the state of unalloyed happiness before the fall. 'Jack Cade entering London,' by J. Cawse, is a spirited and effective piece; it brings back to our remembrance all that 'soul of him' which characterizes the story as told by our own beloved Shakespeare. The bonnet rouge forming the standard of the ragged and tumultuous troop; the mock majesty, and down-glancing dignity of the ignorant and upstart demagogue; the 'hail Mortimer,' and doffed bonnet of his obsequious companions, are all represented with an infinite vein of humour, which cannot be traced but by ocular scrutiny. There is, perhaps, not quite enough of the disgusting concomitants which are met with in scenes of this nature; it is more like a representation of such an occurrence in a masque of the Elizabethan age, where the characters are supported with all the humour and animation necessary, yet without infringing on those rules of decorum, the absence of which would have converted the palace of a maiden queen into a parallel with the precincts of Thames Street. The 'Quarrel between Pistol and Pym' needs no stronger commendation than merely observing, that it is by the same artist, and well worthy of him. We could not but be delighted with Mr. Hayter's 'Cleopatra:' it is a very pleasing production, and is possessed of much more un-

mixed excellence than his 'Venus and Mars.' The style of beauty is perfectly national, though of such a nature, that no person could wish it less so; we did indeed 'see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt,' understanding the words, however, in a different sense from what was intended by the great master from whom the expression is extracted. For the eye which gives the great fascination to this exquisite painting, we must say to the reader—

'Go, gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well.'

Enchanting, however, as is Mr. Hayter's Cleopatra, she is not the classical Cleopatra of antiquity; she is not the Cleopatra, whose style of beauty has been transmitted to us on the imperishable medal; we miss 'the Lion Port, the awe-commanding face,' before which the unconquered soul of a Cæsar could bow in vassalage, enchained by a sublimity of beauty worthy of his own nobility of spirit, and not by the luxurious glance of an engaging syren. The Queen of Egypt and the enslaver of the world's enslaver was, we believe, the Cleopatra of Shakespeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, and not the Cleopatra of Dryden. Having now gone through most of the best pictures in the British Gallery, we shall take our leave of the Institution, merely observing, that with all its excellencies, and with all the good which we know it has been the means of producing in the professional world, we could have wished that it had been rather more exclusively confined to the higher branches of painting. W. H. PARRY.

EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVINGS

BY

LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the state of the Fine Arts generally in England, it must be acknowledged, that in the particular branch of Copper-plate Engraving, we have, during the last half century, made the greatest advancement, if not reached the highest pitch of which it is capable. This improvement has diffused itself universally, and its advantages are felt, not only in perpetuating prints from the best paintings, but even in all works where embellishment or ornament is wanted. Our magazines no longer contain heads of individuals 'curiously engraved,' as they were formerly announced, but good portraits, finished in a style which was then quite unknown. Impressed with this conviction, we have long felt that while the

painter and the sculptor had galleries in which their works were exhibited, there was no place where the engraver could display the productions of his talents, save in the window of a print-shop. This defect is now remedied, by the public-spirited exertions of Mr. Cooke, who has opened a splendid gallery in Soho Square, where upwards of four hundred of the best productions of living artists are displayed. We have not, at present, room to notice the prints separately, which we defer to a future number, but we most warmly recommend the exhibition to every amateur and patron of the Fine Arts. We quote an extract from the address prefixed to the catalogue, and have much pleasure in adding, that the exhibition is under the immediate patronage of his Majesty:—

'The degree of perfection which the Art of Engraving has attained in this country, will, it is presumed, fully sanction any attempt at bringing the productions of living British engravers more immediately under the notice of an enlightened and generous community.

'The professors of this interesting and highly useful art, have long felt the necessity of establishing some means of direct communication with its patrons and admirers, and have to regret the little opportunity hitherto afforded to the members of the profession in general, of becoming acquainted even with the nature, much less with the merit and excellence of numerous contemporary works, the display of far the greater number of their productions being necessarily confined to the libraries of the affluent, the folios of the collector, and the private studies of the artist.

'Impressed with these feelings, the engravers, whose names are herein mentioned, have united for the purpose of bringing their works more immediately before their patrons and the public at large, and have invited their brethren in the profession to co-operate with them, by sending their works to be exhibited.'

M. BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

M. BELZONI, to whose enterprising exertions we are indebted for some curious and highly interesting discoveries in Egypt, has prepared an exhibition of a very novel character, which represents two of the principal chambers in the Egyptian tomb, in which he was the first European that ever penetrated. Having been invited to M. Belzoni's private view, on Friday, we cannot, though at so late a period, pass it over without a slight notice, promising to resume the subject. The two apartments M. B. has selected for represent-

ing, give a grand idea of the splendour of the whole sepulchre. The figures are cast in plaster of Paris, from impressions taken on the spot, and painted with great exactness and fidelity, from drawings made at the same time. In examining this curious monument, it is as impossible not to observe the rudeness of the figures, as it would be unjust and unreasonable to compare the paintings which have decorated its walls for nearly three thousand years, with the finer specimens of modern art. We cannot now enter into details, but one of the finest painted groups in the whole sepulchre, consists of four figures, and represents the reception of some distinguished personage, by Osiris, the great divinity of the Egyptians. Osiris is seated on his throne of state, supported by pillars, on feet; he holds a book in each hand, and in his left the flail also. King Psammis, with his name on his belt, is presented to him by the Egyptian Apollo Areuris, who has the head of a hawk. Behind Osiris is a female figure, supposed to be the goddess Buto, with a cage and bird over her head.

The whole tablet is surmounted by the winged globe. But the most remarkable feature of the whole embellishment, is a procession of captives; consisting of red men, white men, and negroes. The red men are supposed to be Egyptians, the black-bearded men as Jews, and the tattooed as Persians. Among the Egyptian curiosities, of which M. B. has collected a large quantity, are varieties of idols of stone and wood; a mummy, opened in England a short time ago, and which is the most perfect that has been discovered—the mummy of an Egyptian priest; and a manuscript on Papyrus, measuring twenty-three feet. These are a few of the varieties in this very interesting exhibition, which affords ample conjecture to the curious, elaborate research and study to the antiquary, and abundance of moral reflection to the philosopher.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—With a promptitude 'honourable to the industry,' at least, (as the play-bills term the production of the new melo-drama) of this establishment, Lord Byron's tragedy of *Marino Faliero* was produced at this theatre, on Wednesday night. Those who have read his lordship's preface or our notice of the play, will have seen the wish of his lordship, that his

tragedy should not be acted, and may, perhaps, judge of his feeling when he hears how very soon his declared wishes have been frustrated. The circumstances to which this has given rise are, we believe, new in the history of the drama, and are likely to afford much occupation to the Lord Chancellor and the gentlemen of the long robe. The question is, whether a published play can be legally brought on the stage without the consent, or rather in defiance, of the author. We are unwilling to anticipate the decision of the law, but we suspect that it may be acted, although the acted play cannot certainly be published without an invasion of copyright. At an early hour on the evening that the tragedy was produced, hand-bills were plentifully distributed through the theatre, of which the following is a copy:—

'The public are respectfully informed, that the representation of Lord Byron's tragedy, *The Doge of Venice*, this evening, takes place in defiance of the injunction of the Lord Chancellor, which was not applied for until the remonstrance of the publisher, at the earnest desire of the noble author, had failed in protecting that drama from its intrusion on the stage, for which it was never intended.'

The circulation of this bill excited considerable surprise, and the fact which it disclosed tended to account for the lateness of the hour at which the curtain rose. The plot of the tragedy has been so amply detailed in our review, that we have now no occasion to re-state it. It has been much cut down for the stage; and the curtailments have not been judiciously made. The manager seemed to be aware of this, as in the bills of that and preceding evenings, there was the following apology:—

'Those who have perused "*Marino Faliero*," will have anticipated the necessity of considerable curtailments, aware that conversations or soliloquies, however beautiful and interesting in the closet will frequently tire in public recital. This intimation is due to the ardent admirers of Lord Byron's eminent talents, and will, it is presumed, be a sufficient apology for the great freedom used in the representation of this tragedy on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre.'

It has not been merely to conversations and soliloquies that the pruning knife has been confined, but the tragedy has been much shorn of its poetical beauties. The following is a list of the *dramatis personæ*:—

Bertuccio Faleiro, his Nephew,	Mr. Thompson
Marino Faliero, the Doge,	Mr. Cooper
Lioni, a noble Patrician and Senator,	Mr. Foote

Benintende, Chief of the Council of Ten,	Mr. Powell
Michael Steno, a young Patrician,	Mr. Willmott
Israel Bertuccio,	Chief Conspirators,
Philip Calendario,	
Dagolino,	
Bertram,	
Angiolina, wife of the Doge,	Mrs. W. West
Marianna,	Miss Smithson

We have seldom regretted the loss of Kean so much as on the present occasion, for the character of the Doge is as much in his peculiar line as if it had been written for him, and, in his hands would have created a powerful effect. Mr. Cooper, however, sustained it very creditably, and displayed considerable judgment in the part; in many of the scenes he merited and received much applause; and in the delivery of one passage, the cheers were thrice three times repeated; we are, however, aware that this was principally owing to the sentiment; the passage we allude to was in the last scene, when the Doge is brought to execution, and he is reproached with his unheard-of crime; he replies—

—'There's not a history
But shows a thousand crown'd conspirators
Against the people; but to set them free—
One sovereign only died, and one is dying.'

Mr. Wallack, as the chief conspirator, played the character well, and gave some of the fine passages of the noble bard with good effect. Mrs. West supported the character of Angiolina very ably, and displayed much pathos in the scene before the senate, where she pleads for the life of her husband. Messrs. Barnard, Bromley, and Thompson, were also entitled to praise; indeed, all the performers exerted themselves to the utmost. The tragedy was not received with the enthusiasm we had anticipated, and there was some slight disapprobation. We almost suspect this was owing to our national prejudices, for which we have been so much reproached, that of having murders and executions exhibited before us on the stage, while, in other countries, they are always done behind the scenes. In this tragedy, the curtain falls when the executioner has raised his sword to give the fatal blow. At the conclusion, Mr. Russel came forward and addressed the audience as follows:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—In respect of certain legal proceedings now pending, this property abstains from the pleasure of announcing this tragedy for performance to-morrow evening, but hope very soon to have the honour of announcing its repetition.'

Here the matter rests at present, and

must rest until the Lord Chancellor decides the question, which we hope he will soon do, as it involves a question of the utmost importance as to literary property.

On Tuesday, a new drama in three acts was produced, entitled 'Mother and Son,' from the pen of Mr. Moncrief. It is founded on a very trivial incident, and is not rendered very interesting in the way in which it is managed. Harley had a bustling character, which he, of course, played well, and Miss Smithson gave a good support to the piece, which was well received.

COVENT GARDEN.—One of the most splendid melo-dramatic spectacles we have ever seen was produced at this theatre on Monday evening. It is entitled *Undine, or the Spirit of the Waters*, and is founded on a German fairy romance of that name, by the Baron de la Motte Foque, which has been translated by Mr. Soane. The following is an outline of the story:—Undine is a Naiad, whom Kühleborn (Farley), the King of the Waters, had stolen from her father's care in her infancy, and placed in the cottage of a fisherman. There she grows up to be a blooming beauty, apparently 'born to blush unseen,' for Kühleborn, by his power, fills the surrounding forests with spirits and goblins, which deter all access. Sir Huldibrand, a chivalrous knight, however, penetrates the forest, and, after various adventures, arrives at the cottage, where he beholds and loves the fair Undine. He succeeds in rescuing her from his thralldom, in spite of the exertions of the Water King and his chief goblins, and conveys her safe to the castle. The subject affords a fine opportunity for the scene painter, and Grieve and Pugh made the most of it. The submarine grotto of Kühleborn, the colonnade of the palace, and the chrystal palace itself, which is afterwards converted into a temple of the free philosophers, are matchless efforts of scenic art. The characters were well sustained by Farley, Abbot, Grimaldi, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Dennett; the piece was received with the loudest approbation.

In the course of the evening another novelty was exhibited; that of the Sieur Davoust, who presented the audience with a *March Aurienne*, traversing the cone of the proscenium with his head downwards. In performing this extraordinary feat, Davoust seemed perfectly at ease. He threw a line down on the stage, and then drew up a drum, on which he

played a tune; he also took up, by the same means, a table, two flags, a basket containing a bottle, and a glass. The two last articles he placed on the table, helped himself to a couple of glasses of wine, and then drank the remainder from the decanter. He then waltzed, and, with the most perfect self-possession, kept time with the music. He finished by placing the toe of one foot in his mouth, while suspended from the top of the proscenium by the hook and staples which attached his other foot to it. In this fearful exploit he received much applause, not unmixed with dread and anxiety.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. Dibdin commenced his summer campaign on Monday; and, although the house has only been closed three weeks, yet he has been so industrious, as to have entirely changed its face, by elegant and chaste decorations. The proscenium presents a beautifully receding balustrade, supporting trophies which surround the royal arms, backed by a bright horizon.—The ceiling forms the concave of a perforated dome, through which a clear sky apparently lights the whole structure; the prevailing hues of which are pale violet, stone colour, blue, and silver, with a light-blue drapery round the side of the galleries.—The upper boxes and gallery-fronts are embellished with alternate fancy patterns of trophies, scroll work, and Arabesque ornaments.—The dress circle is elegantly fronted with groups, in relief, of stone colour, hatched with silver, executed in a masterly and classic style, expressing in compartments *en-suite*, the stories of Venus and Adonis, Hypomenes and Atalanta, Pan and Apollo, Judgment of Paris, Daphne, Acteon, Phaeton, Dancing Nymphs, Satyrs, &c. The spandrels of the dome and architecture of the ceiling are also relieved with silver hatchings. These, however, are not the only attractions of the Surrey Theatre, which has always had superior patronage, even when its inferiority as to decoration was manifest. The performances of the evening were the terrific and eventful melo-drama of 'Fifty Weddings and Nine and Forty Murders,' an interesting melo-dramatic spectacle, intitled 'Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene,' and founded upon Monk Lewis's celebrated poem. After which, a new comic burletta was produced, intitled 'The Two Gregories,' in which Fitzwilliam, Mr. Watkins, who has been re-engaged at this

theatre, and Miss Copeland, displayed their comic powers to much advantage. Several novelties are said to be in preparation, among which is included, a novel melo-drama, founded on Lord Byron's tragedy, which, from the known talents of Mr. Dibdin, we doubt not, he will dramatise very successfully.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

—The performances at this theatre, on its opening, were of that popular cast which are well calculated to ensure a continuation of the patronage it has long enjoyed. The house has been splendidly decorated, and opened with two new pieces and the much admired melodrama of the *Secret Mine*.

SADLER'S WELLS commenced its season on Easter Monday, with three new dramatic pieces: the first, a ballet, *Leon and Lisette*, does much credit to the taste of Mr. St. Albin; the dances were elegant and chaste, and executed with graceful skill by the performers. The second piece, a melodrama, called *The Mountain Hut, or the Tinker and his Son*, translated from the French, excites a lively interest, and is well sustained by a very competent company, many of them from the theatres royal. The third, an extravaganza, called *Easter Hunting, or the Johnny Newcomes at Epping*, is a very laughable burlesque upon cockney sportsmen. The company is too numerous for individual remark, yet we cannot pass over in silence Mr. Keely's Clemmy, a pauper apprentice, which he played with much truth and most divertingly. Mr. G. Smith, Mr. Paine, and Miss Johnstone, are among the vocal performers, and the very great exertions of the new manager, Mr. Egerton, in every department, merit, and will, no doubt, receive the support of the dramatic public.

COBURG THEATRE.—This house, which has also received considerable decorations during the recess, opened with new pieces, which appeared to give much satisfaction to the audience.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The length to which we have extended the review of Lord Byron's tragedy, and the Bishop of Winchester's Life of Pitt, must be our apology for the omission of several articles prepared for the present number.

A. G. on the Plagiarisms of a popular living poet, 'Mr. Pary's Criticism on Miss Dance,' and 'Portraits of Living Dissenting Ministers,' No. III. in our next.

The favours of L., J. R. P., G. A. N., and *** have been received.

The review of Ruding's Coinage will be resumed.

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* * A Third Edition of No. 1, is in the press.

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No. 3 will be published on Saturday, April 28; and a Number on each succeeding Saturday, till completed. The whole will be comprised in Six Numbers. Being closely printed, and in small type, this Work will contain more than is usually to be found in volumes of three times its size. In the Sixth and last number, the Title, Table of Contents, Preface, List of Errata, &c. will be included.

Printed and published by Dolby, 269, Strand, London; and sold by all Booksellers.

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MANY attempts have been made, not only to deprive me of the honour of a discovery, (the result of eight-and-twenty years of anxious study and experiment,) so very important in its consequences, that it bids fair to overturn every other System of Education now extant, but also to defeat the liberality of my intentions, by exacting contributions for teaching my own Plan, which I have fully divulged, for the public benefit, in my work, entitled 'Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man, adapted to the French,' four editions of which have already issued from the British press. Under such circumstances, I should be guilty of a sort of misprision of treason to society, were I not, as far as lies in my power, to enable the Public, and, above all, the Friends of Education, to detect the imposture. Considering that the best mode of effecting this object, is to make known, through the medium of the public journals, the peculiarly striking advantages of this *unique* System of Education, I respectfully submit to attentive consideration, the following sketch of its properties, some of which are so remarkable as to appear to border on magic.

I. This System most effectually provides for self-tuition, and for the instruction of a single scholar, of several, or of several thousands at the same time, by one Teacher only, without the assistance of *Ushers, Under-teachers, or Monitors*, (See 'Nature Displayed,' 4th ed. Intro. p. 101-5.)

II. It is equally adapted to juvenile or mature capacities, and even to old age.

III. It has, like the circle, neither a particular beginning nor ending. This remarkable property places beginners on the same footing for tuition, as those who have even made the greatest progress. It therefore introduces absolute *unity* in tuition, so that two masters can never teach at the same time, let the class be ever so numerous. (See 'Nature Displayed,' 4th ed. p. 102, *et seq.*)

IV. So far from being irksome, as most methods are, it is highly entertaining, from the variety of the exercises and the lively mode of introducing them.

V. Teachers themselves are so delighted with

* I shall mention but one instance among many which could be adduced: one of the most liberal and respectable houses in Paternoster Row, purchased the copy-right of a work of 250 pages 8vo. of which not less than 200 were taken *verbatim* from my work, 'Nature Displayed.' The impostor even began his introduction in my own words, 'When a discovery useful to society, &c.'

† This Discovery has excited the most lively enthusiasm in India, the birth-place of the Bell and Lancaster System. Witness the following extract from the Report of the Calcutta School-Book Society:—'Your committee, advertent to the uncommon merit of the work, and considering its dissemination as calculated to produce just ideas on the subject of school-books, and as furnishing an admirable model for the preparation of many, have encouraged a proposed republication in Calcutta.'

the New System, that their physical strength, (as the experience of many who have adopted it has proved,) is increased, and their health much improved.

VI. It possesses the signal property, that each pupil has in reality a private tutor engaged with him singly; so that, although there is but one instructor, there is a multiplication of himself equal to the number of scholars.

VII. It is the most practical of all methods, because it is a continual exercise from beginning to end. It is, consequently, the most perfect of all, for 'practice alone can make perfect.' It is, therefore, not surprising, that the oral and written language should be learned in less than *one-tenth* part of the time commonly wasted in the drudgery of schools.

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IX. It is calculated to create *diligence* and *industry*, and by the powerful force of habit, to render them permanent, as it keeps the attention of each scholar alive, without the loss of a single minute during the whole time of tuition.

X. It possesses a very curious property, which is, that an Englishman, a Frenchman, &c. may teach their native language with ease and propriety, without knowing a single word of the language of the learners. (See 'Nature Displayed,' Intro. p. 109, &c.)

XI. It is the most economical of all methods, as it not only saves *time*, the most precious of all riches, but it also, in a surprising degree, saves *money*. It has been proved to be twenty times cheaper than the Bell and Lancaster system, and 200 times cheaper than the old plan. (See Intro. p. 118, *et seq.*)

XII. This System continually affords to the Teachers the means of ascertaining, with mathematical accuracy, the state of advancement in his Pupils, while they, in their turn, can estimate the extent of his talents. This kindles between the Teacher and his Pupils, a superior kind of emulation. (See Intro. p. 54, 122.)

XIII. So perfect is the System, that the least error cannot intrude itself. (See Intro. p. 99.)

XIV. It exhibits a circumstance unique in its kind, that of strengthening the faculties of the mind, by means of mechanical processes, which make a durable impression on the senses.

XV. Professional characters, by giving one attentive perusal to the Introduction to my work, 'Nature Displayed,' or by seeing the System once in operation, will become possessed of the art of teaching on my principle—so quickly may it be acquired.

I avail myself of this opportunity to announce, that several interesting and elaborate works are in preparation, exhibiting the application of the principles of the New System of Tuition to the National Language, the Classics, and to several of the auxiliary branches of Education.

N. G. DUFIEF,

Discoverer & Inventor of the New System,
April, 21, 1821 No. 2, Ely Place.

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